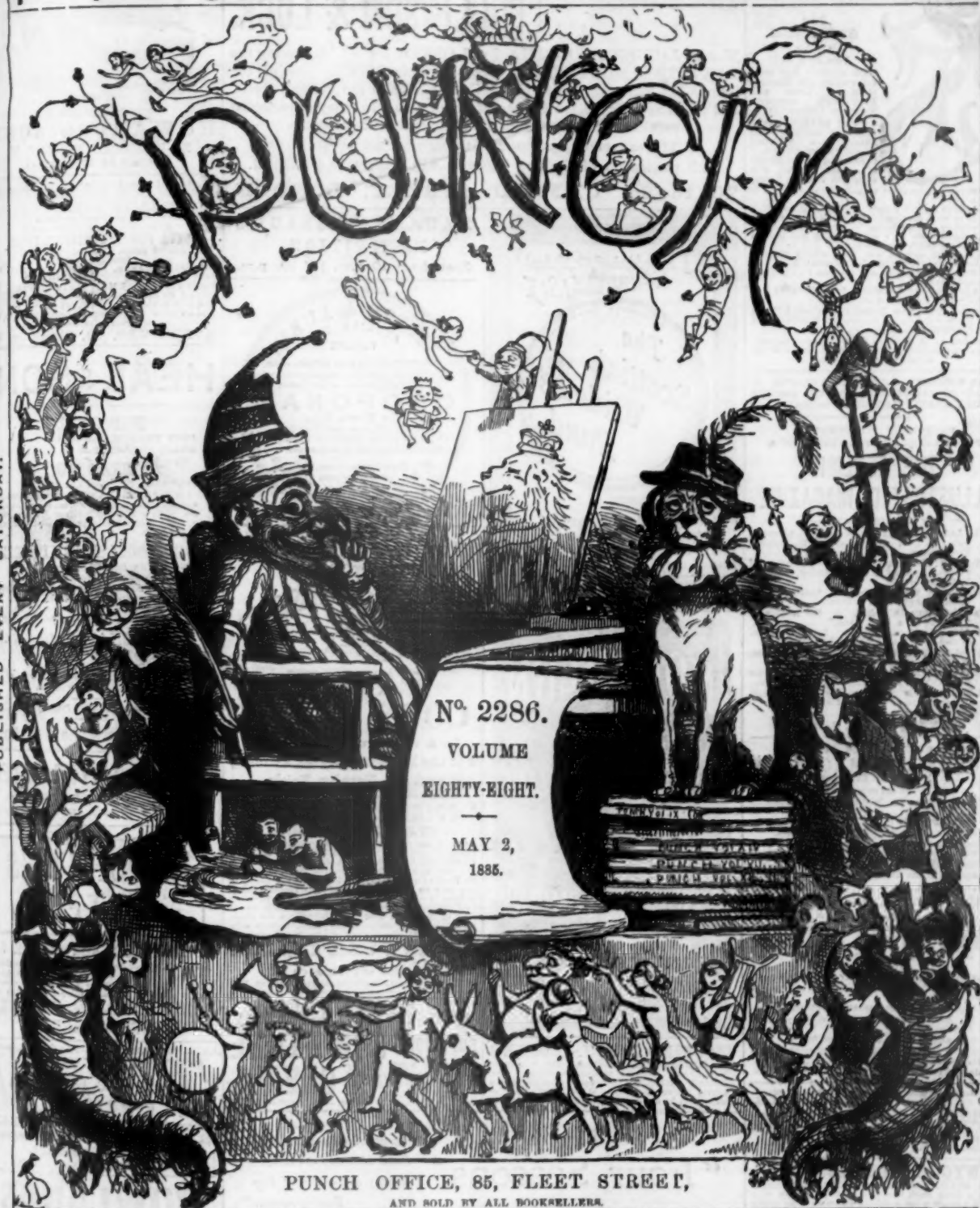


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WALES IN IRELAND.

(Concluding Adventures of our Extra-Special Correspondent.)

As I write, everything an' everybody, includin' the deek av cards that was so useful to me, is packin', and being packed up. I'm busy revisin' the List of Honours and Titles that we mane to scatter about before we go home; and I'm bothered becase of some half dozen "Garters" bein' missin' out av me Dispatch Box, and the new Baronites an' Dukes all gettin' shuffled up just as I had sorted them. There is no more unreasonable wild-fowl than your brand-new Baronite. However, here goes to wind up this immortal Dairy.

Monday.—Home by "Limerick, the Beautiful, as everybody knows." Loyalties and Disaffectionists mixed up at Station. Some av the latter very much mixed. Small scraps av black calico flutterin' like the wings av dissipated Scarecrows, and sometimes "the howlin' av Irish wolves," as a poetical an' play-actin' ancestor av the Princesses want called them, reach over eyes an' ears. However, we know that it's only Mr. WILLIAM O'BITTER-BRINE, M.P., playin' his ugly tricks, and that his "wolves" are all "hirelings."

Tuesday.—"Castles." Grand Review av Sunday Scholars an' Scholaresses in the Park. Wet day, and so the wee ones looked like a lot of pious pinknecks as they laid their drenched devotion at our feet. After piety, Punchestown, an' after both, an' indeed durin' both, the Deluge! Punchestown—a meetin' founded originally in your own Honor's honour—turns out all sloop, slush, slithers and splash, an' no one, bar a mermaid or a water-baby, could enjoy it. Even the Equerry was sad, an' I think it only right to tell you why. He axed me to tell him something to back for the Swimminghome Cup, an' I gave him a horse called *Omadhaun*, considerably layin' agin' him myself to 'blige the Equerry. Fine start, an' they all do well for the first five fathoms, *Omadhaun* gettin' off with a long slow stroke, pullin' a dozen to the minute! I bid me friend observe the solemn majestic stride with no vulgar hurry about it, peculiar to the strain av all the *Omadhaun* breed. For all that the unreasonable man looks frustrated as they come round the first time with *Omadhaun* apparently coverin' their retreat! Ye might cover them with a table-cloth (if it had been about a quarter mile long). Now they're lost behind the hill. Ha! they come to the "double." See! Pink has evidently a slidin' seat! Now they rise at it like trout! Three down! Three riderless steeds sailin' out into the west! "Case of double and quits!" sez the Illustrations, with a cheerful chuckle. Ridin'! Pullin'! Featherin' low! Fleeced with foam! Creepin' up to each other's girths, each horse with a bit in his mouth, an' each Jockey with a bit in hand! Hooray! they sweep into the straight. What's this? The colours av the Equerry's fancy are divisible! At last we see him, swingin' along in stately fashion three fields off!

"Why, he's nowhere, Mr. O'ROONEY!" sez the Equerry, shuttin' up his glasses with a short snap; "an' I really must say that altogether, and when you told me so distinctly, 'pon honour! don't you know, it's hardly quite the—"

What could I do but comfort the poor man? "Look at him, Equerry," sez I, "isn't it beautiful? Blood of the *Omadhauns*, but it's a great race! Sure, there he is, *drivin' them all before him!*"

Wednesday.—Now and for ever the Bridge that spans the wild torrent av the tempestuous an' rushin' river Dodder is properly christened. It is to be "BALL'S Bridge," in memory of the finest dance that ever Irishman stepped to since the days of FLANIGAN'S Ball. It would have done your eyes good to have seen DICK MARTIN and EDWARD GUINNESS footin' it bravely with Royalties as became the leaders av six thousand saltatory citizens! It was late in the evenin' before I jined in the Royal Jig, owin' to being obliged to take part with AUNT PENELOPE and all the HEGARTYS in the Mullingar Minuet, but when I did shake a leg and sint a soul-stirrin' "Hoo!" ringin' down the big barn (for that's what it was), the inthousicism was just tremendous, so it was, as "Hey, diddle, diddle!" played big Mr. LIDDELL, and all the exalted party laughed to see such sport, and applauded the deeds av O'ROONEY.

It was after that AUNT PENELOPE whispered to me that she wanted to introduce me to NORAH HEGARTY. NORAH was a soot av cousin av mine, an' I hadn't seen her since she was a bit av a child. Now she was grown up—an' as I looked into her big, grey Irish eyes, as clear, an' yet as soft as the colour av the Twelve Pins on a Spring mornin', and listened to the sweet music av the bewitchinist brogue that all her expansiv eddication hadn't extracked from her—aye! an' took her little hand to lead her out for the last dance, an' made her laugh tellin' her stories av the days when she was a Girashe, I forgot me duties, lost me Note-book, disremembered AUNT PENELOPE, made the Equerry a present of his I. O. U.-s, an', in short, determined that she was a kind av Cousin to be at "wanst removed."

I confess to a squeeze an' a whisper, an' I record me appreciation av AUNT PENELOPE's sympathetic slumbrocity. . . . The dear girl insisted on the whole party accompanyin' me to Belfast to witness the last journalistic duties I shall perform.

Thursday, an' cetera ad fin.—Belfast pours forth its pent-up loyalty. Takin' me advice, the PRINCE turned, like the attractive Magnate he is, to the North! an' the result was, a rush an' a flash av Northern Lights, that blazed on every hill, an' in every sturdy north country-heart. More dancin', and a power of beauty at all the functions. I've seen an' heard the "Bells of Shandon," disported meself with the dainty damsels av Dublin, an' laughed with the Limerick lasses; but these Angels av Antrim are p'raps the finest—(Be quiet, NORAH agra!)—any way, they have fairly revered a certain Royal record of long ago. The Illustrations has had an Irish cold, but is better—so have I, several "Irish colds," an' am much better.

So it all ended. Me Illustrations friend gave me gracious congratulations, an' his cigarette-case, an' a promise to lunch at Castle Hegarty when he comes over next. In reply, I could only say that he had behaved all through his visit like the Prince an' gentleman he is. The Equerry (who is now doin' well with the rest av the *Suite*, an', like meself, "gettin' home" rapidly) is to be the best man. I mane to be a resident absentee for the future, and if you Mr. Punch, and all kind friends over your side, will only wish us well, and prepay those presents, there won't be a happier or loyal pair in Ireland than—(here I must remark that I have just heard from Sir BARNEY ULSTER BURKE)—Sir TIMOTHY an' Lady O'ROONEY to command! "At Home" every fifth Wednesday in Leap Year. There's NORAH callin' me to know if I think shamrocks will go well with orange-blossoms? Good-bye! Bless you!

HOW TO UTILISE AN EXPLOSION.

THE *Morning Post* having told us how a fair American Actress breakfasted with the PREMIER on the day of the "Admiralty Outrage," and subsequently performed with great success at the theatre, reports of a similar character are to hand by hundreds. We reproduce a few that have already reached us:—

Mr. J. L. T.—x was in the Booking-Office when he heard a loud noise, which for a moment prevented him from continuing the calculations in which he was engaged. Almost immediately regaining his composure, he returned to his labours, and found that every place in his theatre had been taken for three months in advance.

Mr. H. I.—g was conversing with Miss E.—x T.—y in St. James's Park, on their road to the L.—m, when the ground was shaken under their feet. The fair *artiste* uttered an exclamation of astonishment, when Mr. I.—a, with great presence of mind, assured her there was no cause for alarm, and finished the anecdote he was narrating about the immense sums realised in America.

Mr. P.—s, the well-known inventor of the celebrated *Savon*, was washing his hands when the explosion occurred. The piece of soap he was using was actually jerked out of his grasp by the force of the concussion, but being from his own manufactory was of such admirable quality that it suffered no damage.

A Gentleman walking under the Admiralty wall at the time of the outrage was thrown to the ground with enormous force. Being picked up by the bystanders, he smilingly explained that he "was all right, as the A.—y braces he had in use were constructed to bear any possible strain." On examination it was found that his confidence in the admirable article was not misplaced.

A Shoe-black stationed in Spring Gardens insists that he saw a mysterious foreigner shortly before the explosion happened. He distinctly remembers the exact time, as only a few minutes previously he had been opening a packet of the celebrated N.—n Blacking.

JOHN JONES asserts that he heard the report as far away from London as Battersea, where he sleeps at night, being employed during the daytime at the celebrated G.—e Dinner at the C.—n, Piccadilly, which is nightly crowded by the *élite* of Society, wishing to enjoy an excellent *table d'hôte* banquet and some capital part-songs at the moderate charge of three shillings and sixpence a head.

Mr. G.—L, the world-famous perfumer, asserts that the smell of the gunpowder or dynamite, on the fateful Thursday, was so strong ten miles from the scene of the explosion, that he was forced to scent his handkerchief with his "Fruit Bloom Bouquet," which is renowned as the strongest and best scent in the civilised world. The effect of this course was magical, and for leagues round the inhabitants believed, from the delightful fragrance surrounding them, that the cherry trees had burst into blossom.

Lastly, our own Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, of Pumphandle Court (whose contribution to our columns is, in consequence of the explosion, held over till next week), was on the point of receiving a packet of papers from an influential client when the outrage took place. On his recovering, both client and papers were gone, and our learned friend's memory was so affected by the shock that he could not call to mind the name of the client, although he had no doubt whatever that the documents must have been manufactured by Messrs. P.—E AND C.—s, the long-established law and general stationers, whose stock of fancy articles has reached an extraordinary degree of excellence.



UNTIMELY!

Patient (with Limited Income). "OH, DOCTOR, DON'T LET ME SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS THIS TIME—JUST AS OYSTERS ARE GOING TO BE CHEAP AGAIN!"

THE FIRE-IRONY OF FATE.

Premier pipes—

If not a good Driver, I'm prime as a Stoker.
In Egypt I stirred—'tis the part of a *Poker*.
And what with our blunders, and what with our wrongs,
We've been going it lately like "*Shovel and Tongs*."
Now, just as the furnace appears in full blast,
You'll see me fall back on the *Scuttle* at last.

THE OFFICIAL OLLENDORFF.

New and revised Edition, containing many phrases likely to prove most useful on land or sea in the event of any Continental Warfare.

EXERCISE I.—FOR THE NAVY.

Is our coal run out? It is (run out). Why do we not sail to the nearest coaling station? Because all the coal of the nearest coaling station has been burnt by the small cruiser of the prudent enemy. You are jesting. Pardon me, I do not jest at all. I perceive the large ironclad of the enemy. Will you tell them not to fire at our unarmoured ends? Is it possible, they are firing at our unarmoured ends! Let us load the big gun. Why can we not load the big gun? Because we have not the large powder. Have you the enemy's big gun (the big gun of the enemy)? No—the enemy has our big gun. Who has our fine ships? The enemy has them. Is that a whale advancing, or a torpedo boat? It is not a whale. The enemy have the fine torpedoes, but we have not the strong wire nets. Has the foreigner our wooden Admiralty official? He has not our wooden Admiralty official, but he has our good ships. Will your Czar thank the economical Admiralty of the trusting Englishmen? He will, Sir!

EXERCISE II.—FOR THE ARMY.

(a) *On the March.*—We have the blue spectacles, the Japanese umbrellas and the amusing parlour games, but we have not the surgical appliances. Has the cook of the regiment the good Australian beef? He has none of the good Australian beef, but a good deal of the compressed English horse-radish. Your ugly camel has the red

mange. All the ugly camels have the red mange. Have we plenty of the fresh water? We have not the fresh water, but we have the empty water-tanks. I have the tinned meat of the wealthy contractor, and I have also the severe stomach complaint (or the severe complaint at the stomach).

(b) *In the Field.*—What gun has the enemy? He has the good gun. Have you the Martini-Henry rifle? I have the Martini-Henry rifle, and the composite-case cartridges. Why does the General alter the letter of the candid correspondent? The action is beginning, though we have not yet all our troops.

We have only to keep on firing a little longer and we shall win the battle! Why do you not keep on firing? Because I cannot get the composite-case cartridge out of the Martini-Henry rifle. How much is my gun worth? Is it worth as much as that of your friend?—I should prefer to have the Brown Bess of the brave ally, or the leaden peashooter of my naughty boy.

Are the Cossacks coming? They are. Let us form square and fix the bayonets. We have fixed the bayonets, but they are bent. Are they soft? They are (soft). We will draw our swords. Some of the swords will draw, but they will not cut. It is fortunate, then, my dear friend, that we have the Gardner gun. Why do you not fire the Gardner gun? It is jammed. We are very (*très*) unfortunate (*malheureux*). We must not trust everybody. Shall we surrender? We will not surrender, since we do not prefer life to death. Will the War Office of the Englishmen be mentioned in the despatches of the General of the victorious enemy?

All the Difference.

[Lord R. CHURCHILL, speaking on the anniversary of Lord BEACONFIELD'S death, said he would back the Primrose League against the Caucus.]

THROUGH a long thorn-strewn path the man you praise
Climbed up to Power after many days.
You, too, would climb. But what does SHAKESPEARE say?
The "Primrose-path" leads—well, the other way.

RUSS IN URGE.—*The Pall-Mall Gazette.*

TENNYSON TACKLED.

I.

THE FLIGHT!

Companion Poem to "The Fleet." A Rejoinder.

You—you—if you have failed to understand
How ships are built on paper at Whitehall,
Have picked up from the *Pall Mall*, second-hand,
Facts which but after all
Make circulation great—

Your Isle,—where you possess the snuggest berth,
The tangled lanes, clear stretches of the sea,—
Might feed your Muse; of matter you've no dearth.
So why this unprovoked attack on me,—
This—regular slate?

You—you who, I admit, can write,
If you have talked of "kicking" to my face:—
Well, pr'aps I ought to seek the Isle of Wight,
And kick you at your place;
And may—though late, though late.

II.

THE BARD.

Another Companion Poem. A Reply.

YUM-YUM,* if I have failed to understand
The tons, and guns, and "ends," whereof they brawl,
At me, at least, can no man point the hand.
For hypothetical
Purely, is all I state.

YUM-YUM, if any man has starved the Fleet,
If any man has his head punched for this,
Kicked by a million boots along the street,
That sight I would not miss,
Nay, nor arrive too late!

And what, if flying collars and a face
Familiar once in Highland tour with me,
I saw thus pelted in the market-place?
Well, well, so might it be;
And, if deserved, First-rate!

* YUM-YUM, believed to be Japanese Muse of Hypothetical Poetry, corresponding to "You, you."



GUY FAWKES TENNYSON BLOWING UP THE AUTHORITIES OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Song of the Soudan.

BERNER, GLADSTONE!—
Have you any plan?
Yes, Sir, several!
Trust the Grand Old Man!

One for the Liberal,
One for the Rad;
And others, in a pigeon-hole,
Equally mad and bad.

NOTE AND QUERY.—A Conservative paper speaks of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT as "A Politician of Note." The "Note" must surely be a "Note of Interrogation."

THE POET LAUREATE (ADAPTED) FOR PRINTERS.—"So careless of the type he seems."

PROBABILITY.—"The Lion's Share" in Asia becoming small by degrees and beautifully less.

Kudos for Kennington.

MR. PUNCH hears that Mr. O'CONNOR POWER has been invited to stand as Liberal Candidate for the Kennington Division of Lambeth, and has agreed to do so. The return of such an Irishman, at once patriotic and loyal, able and earnest, eloquent and temperate, for an English seat, would be a satisfaction to Ireland's well-wishers, a credit to the Constituency electing him, and a precedent full of happy augury and scarcely measurable promise. Mr. Punch wishes more Power to Kennington's—political—elbow!

Song of the Czar.

[The Daily News Correspondent at Baku, on the Caspian, says it is rumoured that the Czar intends to assume the title of "Emperor of Central Asia."]

PEN a line, pen a line, Baku man!
Make me an Emperor fast as you can.
I'll drive all the Englishmen into the sea,
For there's not room in Asia for them and for me!

NOTES ON NADESHDA.

THE Second Performance of *Nadeshda*. Delighted to meet people coming out because they couldn't find room in the house. Good sign this. I am in time to look round before Opera commences. House full. I have also leisure to examine the libretto, which I see is by Mr. JULIAN STURGIS. "JULIAN STURGIS," let me see, don't I know



Carl Rosa Omnibus Company. Conductor, Alberto Randegger.

his name as a novelist, or a draughtsman on wood, and a drawer of horses? If all these, he is JULIAN The Accomplished. But I fancy I am wrong. The music is by ARTHUR GORING THOMAS, of whom there was once a sketch in these pages, with a horn accompaniment suggestive of the "Goring." On this his latest work I make him my sincere compliments. It was "written and composed," the title-page informs me, "for the CARL ROSA Company," which was a plucky speculation on the part of CARL ROSA. In the next page of the book is given a list of the *Dramatis Personae*, which, besides the principals and the "Serfs, Armed Servants, Pages," &c., includes the names of—

Conductor Mr. ALBERTO RANDEGGER,
Mise-en-Scène Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

The latter name being put in as if it were that of the Good Fairy of the piece—the *deus ex machina*—the machine being the practicable 'bus, who will put everything to-rights, and make everybody happy ever afterwards.

At this point of my forecasting I am suddenly interrupted by loud applause, and, looking up, I see some one standing up in the orchestra, and bowing.

At first sight I feel inclined to exclaim, "Hullo! why that's Lord GRANVILLE! what on earth is he doing here?" when, by the aid of my opera-glasses, I ascertain that it is Mr. ALBERTO RANDEGGER, whose appearance is hailed with delight, for now we know that the Show is "just a-goin' to begin." It does begin, in the politest way, with an Introduction. This is as it should be between



Nadeshda, or No-Duster, Housemaid in the service of Voldemar.

strangers. The Introduction is most successful. In fact, it goes a very great way towards promoting the harmony of the evening. Up goes Curtain, and here we are in Russia!

The Poetic Librettist thus describes the scene in his book, "Mid-summer in Russia—a smiling sunny land, through which a river flows." What a pity it is, and what a number of commentators would have been thrown out of employment, had SHAKESPEARE only been half as communicatively descriptive as JULIAN the Accomplished! He tells us, as he must have previously told the good Fairy, AUGUSTUS MISE-EN-SCÈNE, "There is a bridge over the river. Beyond the river is a ripening wheat-field,"—yes, I watched it, it was "a-ripening" all the time, and no doubt is still going on beautifully, so that in

another night or two it will be full harvest-time,—"*and beyond the wheat, in the distance, is a castle.*" Yes, there it was, sure enough. "*Serfs, both men and girls, are making merry.*"

These are something like stage-directions. Evidently JULIAN the Accomplished continued to get the Genius MISE-EN-SCÈNE under his thumb, much as the Fisherman did with the Genie in the *Arabian Nights' Story*.

"Look here," says JULIAN, sternly, and not to be trifled with, "mind you have a river flowing, a bridge over it, a ripening wheat-field, and everything I want; because, if you do not, I shall have the whole description printed in the book, and the audience will know whom to blame if everything isn't in its proper place. See?"

Poor Mr. MISE-EN-SCÈNE promised it should all be there—and there it is. And "the Serfs, men and girls," are "making merry" in the way a Chorus always will make merry, whether they be Serfs or Nobles.



Mr. Leslie Crotty supposed to be Ivan, but as Mr. Weller's song says, "This here's the bold Tur-pin!"



"THE TWO NOSES." Triumph of Art. Mr. McGuckin as himself and George the Third.

The music is very spirited, and Mr. MISE-EN-SCÈNE's action good. Then in comes a black-looking rascal, whose name the well-informed person next me says is *Podsnap*. This I receive with incredulity, and refer to the book, where I find that the Villain of the deepest dyed black wig and willany is called *Ostap*,—which name has in it a combination of the stable and public-house,—both very natural, he being a Serf, and employed in some menial office or other. He makes some apparently rude remarks,—and here, without reference to the book, I cannot help observing that it is difficult to distinguish the difference between an Opera in English and one in Italian,—at all events, at some distance off.

From the book by JULIAN the Accomplished I gather that *Podsnap* is telling us in song that—

"The wolf she has fled away
And has left her whelp for our annoy."

Which is probably some Russian idiom, for which I take JULIAN's word. But *Podsnap* only gets laughed at, and then in comes *Nadeshda*, and when *Podsnap*, who is her ruffianly adorer, and the merry-making Chorus leave her a minute to herself, she takes advantage of it to sing a charmingly orchestrated song, "*O River, dear River!*"

After this song, which is, I venture to think, the gem of the Opera, and given by Madame ALWINA VALLERIA in her very best style, *Nadeshda* runs off to join the merry-makers,—they are still at it outside, somewhere in among the ripening wheat, or all among the barley,—and enter two personages whom at first sight I take to be GEORGE THE THIRD in his younger days, and DICK TURPIN the celebrated highwayman.

I can scarcely realise the fact, but there they are, both of 'em, in Russia, travelling together as comfortably as possible on foot without any luggage or servants,—and I am not going to disturb the illusion by consulting the book or the programme, where, I am bound to say, I subsequently find that these two gentlemen are respectively *Voldemar*, and *Ivan*, his bad brother. I am overrunning my limits, so must dismiss the story, briefly keeping, as I have got accustomed to them, my own nomenclature for the characters.



The Princess Natalis. No pocket to put her handkerchief in. Must carry one. Got such a bad cold.

GEORGE THE THIRD then (for I firmly believe that what I am witnessing is an episode in that monarch's early life, only that for political reasons not unassociated with Mr. GLADSTONE and "an arrangement," the names [have been changed, and the story made Russian]) falls in love with *Nadeshda*, a Housemaid,—real name "No Duster," because she always uses a broom,—of whom *Podsnap* the Potboy, and *DICK TURPIN*, the Gentleman Highwayman, are also enamoured.



Three Bishops in Uniform, representing perhaps the Church Militant in Russia in attendance on the Princess. (Can one of them be the Archbishop of Yorke?)

GEORGE THE THIRD'S Mamma, played with much melodramatic majesty by Miss JOSEPHINE YORKE,—if she were a soprano she might be the "YORKE and ALBANI," but she isn't,—is naturally against the match, and comes on attended by, apparently, three fighting Bishops, in military uniforms and mitres, to stop it. She doesn't succeed, for *DICK TURPIN* kills *Podsnap* the Potboy, and *TURPIN*, who doesn't ride to York, but is brought to YORKE on a litter, explains that, after

stabbing him with intent to kill, *Podsnap* had succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes in an attempt on his own (*Podsnap's*) life, and that as far as he (*TURPIN*) is concerned, GEORGE THE THIRD may marry No-Duster, and be hanged to him. So the Duchess of YORKE withdraws her objection, and all ends happily by about eleven o'clock.

The acting and singing good; some of JULIAN the Accomplished's Russo-English delightful. The Orchestra too loud,—it is very fully orchestrated,—which necessitates prolonged and exciting strife between Singers and Musicians. Mr. MISS-IN-SCENE has done his work well, so has Conductor RANDEGGER. Its composer, THOMAS, has done exceedingly well, and so has the enterprising CARL ROSA, who, I trust, will be stimulated to fresh efforts in the cause of Opera by his present successful production.

NIBBS.

MELODIES AND MODELS.

AMONG the chief attractions at the forthcoming South Kensington Show are expected to be the following:—

An "Early English Cabinet," combining Strength with Durability, exhibited by Lord SALISBURY. Has no Divisions. Highly-polished Nobs, not made to be drawn out. Drawers for Secret Despatches. N.B.—The art of construction is now lost.

Models of—1. "A Patent Torpedo." 2. "Novel Diving Apparatus." 3. "Plains of Central Thibet." All exhibited by the Balloon Society.

Competing Specimens. Exhibited by all the principal English Companies, for Prize for the "Most Thoroughly Uncomfortable Railway Carriage in Existence."

Miniature Ditto. Specially recommended as toys for the Families of Railway Directors.

Several "Skeletons of Habitual Travellers by Omnibus." All showing interesting compound Distortions of Back-bone, Compression of Ribs, Malformation of Lung Cavity through constant asphyxiation, &c., &c.

Specimen of a Patent Pump—"The Interviewer." Exhibited by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"An Artificial Digestion." Warranted to assimilate and retain any quantity of Charitable Funds. Qualms absolutely unknown. Exhibited by the Liberty and Property Defence League, with entire approval of the City Companies.

"Design for Conversion of a Cabbage into a Sirloin of Beef" (nearly perfect). Exhibited by Dr. RICHARDSON.

"Teetotal Bitters"—a Perfect Substitute for Hops, also a Substitute for Champagne Cup at Hops. Exhibited by the United Kingdom Alliance.

"The Mechanical Railway Porter." Warranted to answer all questions correctly, and without unnecessary hauteur.

"Magneto-Electric, Self-Folding, and Instantly-Reversible Tricycle." Although so compact that it can be put in a waistcoat-pocket, it is also capable of astonishing both the Equestrian who ventures within fifty yards of it, and the Paralytic Invalid who is fool enough to ride it, and to whom it can be confidently recommended as the only substitute for a Shock from a Powerful Battery, combined with a Violent Convulsion of Nature, which has yet been discovered.

"Specimens of Self-Jamming 'Boomerang' Cartridges, 'Telescope' Swords," &c. Exhibited by command of the War Office.

A CITY GUILD IN TROUBLE.

THERE is a subtle vein of humour in Mr. Justice DAX that he endeavours to conceal with as much effort as some of his learned Brethren make to display their want of it. His Ludship had, last week, with



the assistance of no less than five Counsel learned in the law, to determine whether it was imperative that the Worshipful Company of Masons should have a Court of twenty-four Assistants to carry on its affairs. The original Charter, granted by his most religious and gracious Majesty, CHARLES THE SECOND, was produced in Court, and is described by the irreverent Reporter as a very wizened and musty-looking document. It prescribes that twenty-four Assistants shall be appointed; and although it was stated that there was little or nothing for them to assist in doing, the Judge silly remarked that there might be something for them to receive, and so he decided that twenty-four should be the number, and ordered the poor Company to pay all the costs, which will probably be the means of curtailing their bounteous hospitality for some time to come.

I am not, I regret to say, intimately acquainted with the inner life of this Worshipful Company, or whether Masons are an increasing or diminishing race,

but some of the City Guilds are, I believe, rapidly becoming small by degrees, if not beautifully less. It does so happen that, some years ago, I was personally acquainted with the last surviving member of the Worshipful Company of Pavors, and, with that audacity that belongs to mature manhood, I proposed to him to resuscitate the moribund Company, and instil into it a renewed life worthy of so useful and so ancient a fraternity. After the usual time allowed for reflection, the Last of the Pavors assented. My friend was to be the Worshipful Master, I was to be the Wine-Warden, for which important position a lengthened acquaintance with City hospitality had well fitted me, a mutual friend well acquainted with accounts,—that is to say, other people's accounts, his own had not been particularly prosperous,—was to be Rentee Warden, and a nephew of mine, who was evidently intended to shine in Society, if Society had not been so very expensive, was to be the Clerk, with a salary of £200 a-year to commence with.

The inquiry naturally arises, whence were the funds to come to supply—Firstly, the fees for the Master and Wardens; Secondly, the Salary of the Clerk; Thirdly, the Banquets, so absolutely necessary to the existence of a City Guild. Questions easily asked and as easily answered. Be it then known unto all men that there are two kinds of City Guilds, or Mysteries, as they are properly called. The one kind are the Swell Companies, who abound in Wealth, in Benevolence, in Education, and in the grand Christian virtue of Hospitality. The noblest of all noble institutions are they, and long may they remain unsullied by the grasping hand of hungry Radicalism! But there is also another kind of Guild, and these, being almost penniless, scrape together a few paltry guineas by making Liverymen at reduced prices. It was on this hint that I spake to my solitary Pavior.

"If a man," said I, "is desirous of becoming a Liveryman in order to get a vote for the City, let us offer him a large discount for ready money, and to any agent who will bring fresh victims, a large allowance on bringing a quantity. I know that this is done constantly on a very large scale, and a small reduction in the entrance fee will bring us in a princely income." The whole thing was arranged, the final conditions were to be settled at a banquet to be given by our prospective Master, when, sad to say, he fell suddenly ill, was ordered off to Brighton, and never returned. The Pavors' Company thereupon ceased to exist, and is no longer to be found in the list of City Guilds, but I believe that Messrs. MOWLER, BURR AND FRIEMAN are ready to testify that, despite that fearful calamity, City Pavors are doing as well as can be expected.

Should the Masons wish to bring this somewhat Past Grand Company to its former condition of splendour, and prosperity, and popularity, they had better apply at once to one who is, at present,

AN OUTSIDER.

P.S.—My terms are very moderate. Five per cent. on the fees, and an invitation to all Banquets.

LORD TENNYSON'S USE OF "YOU YOU" IN HIS ANTI-GOVERNMENT POEM.—"You You," of course, stands for "double-you," that is "W." What "W"? W—e.g., W. E. G.!



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Visitor at Country House. "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE!"
 Small Daughter of the House. "NO; WHO WERE YOU!"

THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

A "DICKENS" OF A SITUATION.

MRS. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE had been in a low state for some time, and had almost burst into tears when a chill gust from the North, coming suddenly, and—to her—unexpectedly down the chimney, had blown the lid off the bubbling saucepan, and the soot into the stew therein.

"I am a much-crossed cretur'," were Mrs. GUMMIDGE's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrary with me."

"Oh, it'll soon leave off," said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL—meaning the North wind—"and besides, you know, it's not more disagreeable to you than it is to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE.

It was indeed a very cold, cheerless day, with cutting blasts of wind, which seemed to blow from every quarter at once, but from the North and East for choice. Mrs. GUMMIDGE's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed—to her at least—to be the chilliest and most uncomfortable, as her seat was certainly the hardest. She complained of the North-Easter and of its visitation just at this time and at her back, which she said gave her the "creeps."

"It is certainly very uncomfortable," said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

So at dinner. The fish—from which she had expected great things—were small and bony, and the stew was smoky and burnt. All acknowledged that they felt this something of a disappointment, but Mrs. GUMMIDGE said she felt it more than they did, and again made that former declaration with great bitterness—"I'm a much-crossed cretur', and everythink goes contrary with me."

Later, when Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL came home to tea, this unfortunate Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE was knitting in her corner, in a very wretched and miserable condition. Her knitting—a nondescript piece of work—seemed to be a regular Egyptian labyrinth for complicated tangle, and a very Penelope's web for inconclusiveness and

power of alternate weaving and unweaving. "Cheer up, Grand Mawther!" cried Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL. (Mr. PEGGOTTY meant Grand Old Girl.)

Mrs. GUMMIDGE did not appear to be able to cheer up. She dropped her knitting with a gesture of despair.

"What's amiss, Dame?" said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL.

"Everythink!" returned Mrs. GUMMIDGE. "Including you," she continued, dolefully. "You've a willing mind to face the troubles before you, but you ain't ready. I'm sorry it should be along o' me that you're so unready."

"Along o' you? It ain't along o' you!" said Mr. PEGGOTTY, good-naturedly, and perhaps without quite meaning it. "Don't ye believe a bit on it."

"Yes, yes, it is!" cried Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE. "I know what I am. I know that I am a much-crossed cretur', and not only that everythink goes contrary with me, but that I go contrary with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortun'."

One really couldn't help thinking that the misfortune extended to some other Members of that House, besides Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

"I ain't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

"I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they makes me contrary. I wish I didn't feel them, but I do. I wish I could be harden'd to 'em, but I ain't. If I felt less, I could do more. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. It's far from right that I should do it. I'd better leave the House. I'm a much-crossed cretur', and had better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary alone at my own place. I'd better leave the House, and retire and be a riddance."

Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL, whose countenance had exhibited the mixed traces of many feelings, including puzzlement, impatience, and profound sympathy, looked upward at a portrait of an ancient, but buck-like and somewhat Hebraic personage upon the wall, and, shaking his head, with a lively expression of those mixed sentiments still animating his face, said, in a solemn whisper,

"She's been thinking of the Old 'Un!"



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

MRS. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE. "I AIN'T WHAT I COULD WISH MYSELF TO BE. MY TROUBLES HAS MADE ME CONTRAIRY. I FEEL MY TROUBLES, AND THEY MAKE ME CONTRAIRY. I MAKE THE HOUSE UNCOMFORTABLE. I DON'T WONDER AT IT!!!"

JOHN PEGGOTTY-BULL (deeply sympathising—aside). "SHE'S BEEN THINKING OF THE OLD 'UN!"—David Copperfield.

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A GRACEFUL APOLOGY.

Snookson (to the Duke of Sandbury). "I HUMBLY BEG YOUR GRACE'S PARDON FOR MY PRESUMPTION IN VENTURING TO ADDRESS YOUR GRACE, BUT I AM MOST ANXIOUS TO APOLOGISE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE BLUNDER I MADE LAST NIGHT, AT MRS. GATHEREMALL'S, IN MISTAKING YOUR GRACE FOR THE BUTLER. MY ONLY EXCUSE IS, THAT NEVER HAVING HAD THE HONOUR OF MEETING YOUR GRACE BEFORE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR GRACE BY SIGHT!"

"MAGNA EST VERITAS;"

Or, Truth on her Travels.

LEFT my time-honoured retreat, the Well, at daybreak. Fancy I have lived too retired a life of late. What says my friend MILTON? "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary." Quite right. Virtue to be effective must be *en evidence*. So in spite of DEMOCRITUS I shall "sally out" and take a turn round.

Find myself in Central Asia talking to a son of Holy Russia, one General HAIRCOMBOFF. Ask him what he is doing there. Answers that he is "fulfilling Russia's Heaven-appointed mission of civilising Asia." Has been at it for years, and hopes one day to "crown the edifice"—in India and Constantinople. Ask him if I can be of any assistance to him in so noble an enterprise. Looks at me significantly through his spectacles, and replies "Rather!" Am glad to hear it, and ask how. By "simplifying the situation," he answers. I do not quite follow him, so he endeavours to explain. Explanation rather confuses me, however. His evident impatience is relieved by receipt of a telegram, which he reads eagerly. "Ha!" he cries, "Don't advance—unless obliged to." Quite so! Then I must be "obliged to" as soon as possible. They must oblige me by "obliging me."

Again I fail to follow him, but subsequent events throw a light upon his meaning, and "simplify the situation"—though not the facts—amazingly. HAIRCOMBOFF sets to work to "avoid a conflict." He does so by calling one side of the river where he has no business, "our bank of the Kushk," and advancing thereon. He then organises what he calls "pleasure-trips" and "reconnaissances." When I inquire *why* he calls them so, he replies, "What's in a name?" Finding that his "pleasure-trip" alarms the Afghans, he calls their alarm "audacity and arrogance," and acts accordingly. That is to say, after "an energetic summons" (equivalent, in fact, to the preliminary "Now, then, Sir!" of a "chucker-out") he made a "pacific advance" (equivalent, again, to the act of "collaring" on the part of the "chucker-out"), and finding that it is not taken in such good part as he expected, pitches into the "audacious and arrogant ones," and kills some thousand or more of them. And so, by the

aid of a military picnic, some convenient phrases, and a massacre, the situation is satisfactorily simplified. HAIRCOMBOFF is jubilant. I ask him what part he thinks I have played, or can play, in this little tragedy of perverted facts and misapplied phrases. He replies that I had offered to assist him. I say I shall be glad to do so, by editing his telegrams and despatches. He scowls, says I am audacious and arrogant, and is about to make a "pacific advance" on me, when I dazzle him momentarily with a flash of my mirror, and take my flight, convinced that I cannot at present be of much assistance to Holy Russia in Central Asia.

My next visit is to the Editorial Sanctum of a London newspaper. Editor asks, "to what happy circumstance he owes the honour of my visit?" I say report informs me that there is an opening on his paper for—well, in point of fact, for Myself. He fidgets in his seat, and hesitatingly inquires, "In what capacity?" I explain that, being, from my nature, independent of those limitations of time and space which even the most energetic and indefatigable Specials cannot entirely surmount, I might make myself generally useful, especially in distant parts, communications from which are slow, uncertain, and by no means always reliable. I say this with a comfortable inward conviction that he will jump at the offer. But he doesn't. He jumps, indeed, but it is rather as though he were suddenly bitten by a mosquito—or his conscience. (I conclude, subsequently, that it *must* have been the former.) To "simplify the situation," I mention the words, "Central Asia." He jumps again, this time more violently than before. I proceed to say that, some five minutes ago, I parted with General HAIRCOMBOFF on the Kushk, and that I can tell him— But here he actually jumps from his seat at once. "For Heaven's sake, *don't!*" It's more than my situation is worth to listen to you!" I am puzzled.

Regaining his composure, with an evident effort, he tells me, that "reports on these matters reach him through the—ah—usual channels, that at present he has not an opening for Me, and that he fears my particular services would neither be useful to the Paper nor appreciated by the Public. I am surprised, and say so. He assures me I am entirely mistaken. He tells me that Truth as a Special Correspondent, especially in foreign parts, with "a free hand," would completely upset all the parties, nearly all the papers, and most of the potentates and financiers, the latter especially. Nobody, he affirms, wants any more of the Truth than is likely to be useful to himself and his own side, and damaging to his own opponents. This is of necessity a limited quantity. The uses of Falsehood, in this sense, are, on the contrary, unlimited. "But," say I, "I thought that you made rather a special boast of your strict allegiance to Truth." "That," he replies, "is part of the game. Everybody," he continues, "worships you—*while you keep in your Well*. But when you come out of it, and stand at our elbow like this, you—*you really upset us*."

"As regards General HAIRCOMBOFF, then," I begin, when he impatiently interrupts me. "Hang General HAIRCOMBOFF!" he ejaculates. "The trouble I've had to put a fair face upon his proceedings, even though aided by his own ingenious Muscovite glasses, by official optimism, and by feminine *finesse*, you would hardly believe. To furnish diurnally a sophistical special-pleader with a bouncing title, the one worthy of MEPHISTOPHELES, the other of MENDEZ PINTO, is, I assure you, no light task."

"Why attempt it?" I inquire. "There is reason," he replies, "in the roasting of eggs, and in the writing of Leading Articles." If you know anything against HAIRCOMBOFF and his friends, don't bring it *here* and increase my difficulties. Take it to BOSKEY of the "Rataplan," who is on the opposite tack. He'll welcome it,—so much at least of it as makes for his ease. You cannot, in reason, expect any of us to welcome more."

I leave him. But I do not go to BOSKEY of the "Rataplan." I feel indeed that I can be of little more service in Newspaperdom than in Central Asia.

I am away back to my Well again, there to "Wait till called for." It seems probable that my retirement will long remain unbroken.

RUSSIAN COURSE IN ASIA.—Heratio.

MASTER'S LUGGAGE.



Hartington and Northbrook (together). "Hi! STOP! GUV'NOR SAYS YOU MUST MAKE ROOM FOR THIS!"

"My Man Ch-id-ra," loquitur:—

POUF! Talk about packing! I wish the Old Man
Had to do it himself. *He'd* a jolly fine time
With his "leaps" and his "bounds." Wish he'd hit on a plan
To make matters go as they used in his prime.
But oh! dear me no! Times have altered, you see,
And so the old gentleman leaves it to me.

It's a precious tight fit! He's a fancy of late
For all sorts of "extras" and all must go in.
I can't get it to. Mine's a very hard fate.
Thought the crib would be easy, with *kudos* to win.
Win? Why it's all loss, always gravelled and stunk,
And as for "a bit up my sleeve,"—no such luck!

Pouf! There, just in time—though it looks like to split.
If the straps stand the strain very long I'm—Hillo!
What, *more* to go in? There's no room, not a bit.
Come, this is too jolly absurd, don't you know.
Some day he'll be coming no end of a cracker.
He'd best find another portmanteau—or packer!

It is said that DICKENS'S *David Copperfield* has become very popular in France. Glad to hear it. "How art thou translated?" But—more important—how about *David Copperfield*?

PROBABLE TITLE OF A NEW WORK [NOT YET IN THE PRESS].—*The Confirmed Bachelor*. By Lady HATTE.

"THE FEELING."

"STOP, able Editor, I pray,
The lines that off you're reeling.
What's this you tell of, day by day,
'The Feeling'—what's The Feeling?"

"The Feeling! 'Tis a moment's flush
Prompt into ice congealing,
A public spasm, a shriek, a rush,
That's what we call The Feeling.

"'Tis first a military haste,
For instant battle 'peeling',
And then some months of wait and waste,
That, also, is The Feeling.

"The wild desire to meet the foe,
Then for his mercy kneeling;
It seldom comes to more, you know,
The momentary Feeling!

"The Feeling clamours for advance,
And then for backward wheeling;
The Daily Papers lead the dance,
And hurry on The Feeling.

"The Feeling lives on 'Horful News!'
That paper-boys are squealing;
The Feeling grudges ships and crews—
Unpatriotic Feeling!

"Canard-like doth The Feeling fly
Through Marts where men are dealing,
And stocks are low, or stocks are high,
Obedient to The Feeling."

"And what shall be the end of all?"
"Ah, *that* there's no revealing;
Except that many a People's fall
Has followed on The Feeling!"

A MISLEADING MISNOMER.

POOR Master CHARLES FISHER BOURDAS, who died the other day from concussion of the spine, caused by thumps on the back bestowed upon him by the "big boys" at King's College, might, if he *could*, poor lad, reasonably demur to the title bestowed upon that act of boy brutality by the Newspapers. "Horse-play," they call it. Wild *Ass-play* would perhaps be better—but even that is weak. The brutalities and bestialities continually classified—and too often tacitly condoned—under the euphemistic heading of "Horse-play" are far greater and grosser than the Public is apt to imagine. It is scant consolation to poor young BOURDAS's friends that he died the victim not of murder, or even manslaughter, but of—Horse-play! They who choose to "play" like brute beasts should be punished like brute beasts—with the lash!

To Our Own Mary Anderson.

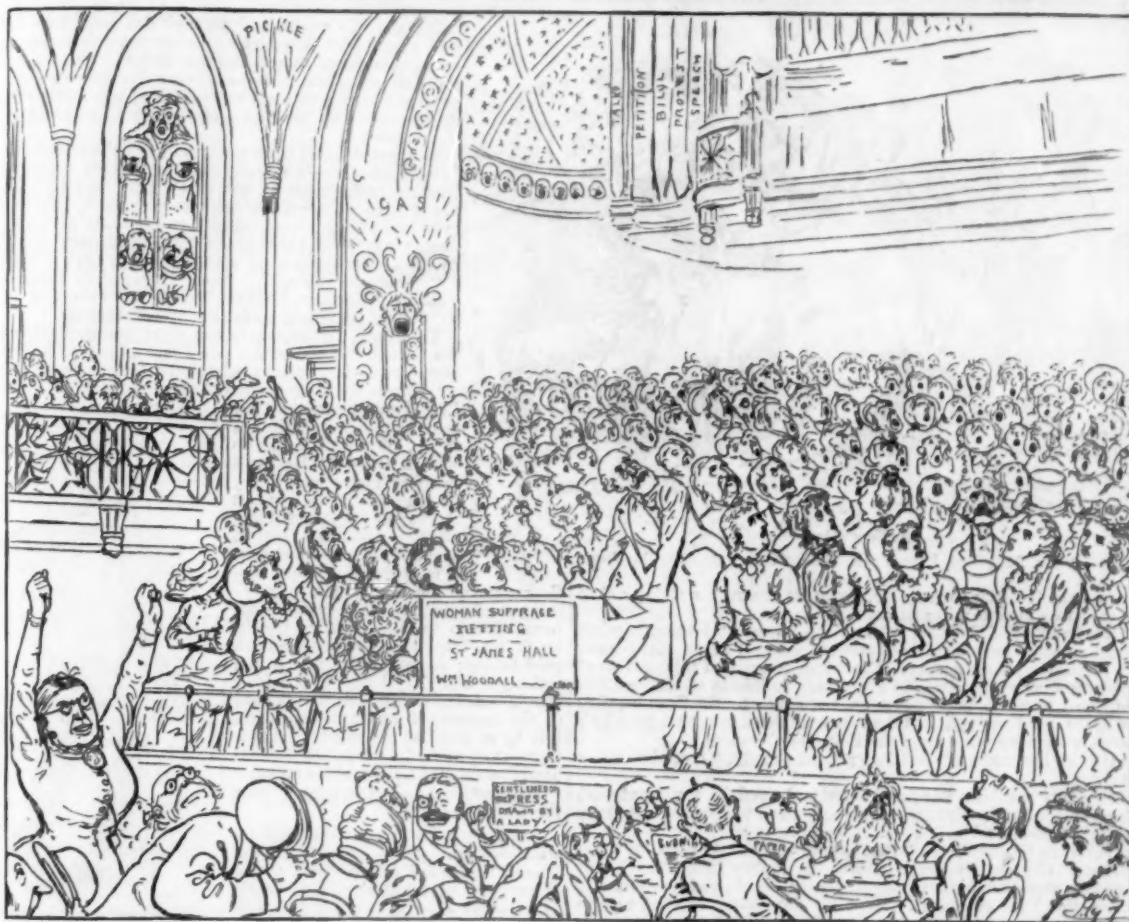
(On her Farewell Performance at the Lyceum.)

OH, fare-thee-well, our own MARY AN-
-DERSON! farewell for a while!
In a ship you'll be steaming
To Amerikee,
And we shall be dreaming
Of thee,
MARY AN-
-DERSON, we'll be thinking of thee!

"IF."

DOUBTLESS "your If is a great peace-maker." But will the italicised "if" in Lord TENNYSON'S hypothetical anathema against the orderers of our Fleet, make his peace with his late fellow-voyagers on board the *Pembroke Castle*?

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 9.



"PLACE AUX DAMES!" A TURN-HIM-OUT MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 20.—DAVID DAVIES is, unmistakably, a Welshman. But often, in discussing public affairs, manages to typify JOHN BULL. DAVID's oratorical attitude a little peculiar. Stands with fingers interlaced, twiddling thumbs, whilst he "chucks out" at House roughly framed sentences.

"I don't know," says he, just now, "whether we have enough ships—but we *should* have enough."

"That's JOHN BULL, to a shade," says SOLICITOR GENERAL, looking admiringly at the rugged Member for Cardiganshire, with his odd accent. "J. B. hasn't a notion as to what's the truth about the Navy. Hears a great deal said about it, particularly by persons in Opposition; and, when he hears W. H. SMITH eloquent on the subject, has a slight suspicion that, bad as things may be, the Navy couldn't have gone to the dogs in four or five years, and perhaps ex-First Lords of the Admiralty would be wiser to take a back seat during discussions on this particular subject. But he feels, as DAVIES says, that we *should* have enough, and the Government are wise in looking to it."

DAVID scouts all notions of economy in the matter. "I shouldn't mind," he says, "if we had half a dozen Iron-clads too many lying up till they were wanted"—as if they were a lot of clay pipes, in process of colouring. Also the martial soul of the Member for Cardiganshire "wouldn't mind if there was a bit of a brush, so that we could see what our Iron-clads were like."

On the whole a luminous generous view of the subject DAVID takes, always twiddling his thumbs as if that were part of the machinery of his vocal organs, which indeed it seemed to be, for when he accidentally unloosed his hands he suddenly stopped just as he was about to order a couple of dozen or so of torpedoes, and feeling round for his hat, dropped into his seat.

Next to this the speech of the evening was by W. J. HARRIS, elected last year for Poole. Not quite sure it wasn't his maiden effort. Evidently made great efforts to get it up. Meant to come round to the Navy by-and-by. In the meantime began with wheat. Twenty-six million quarters of wheat we consume in a year, it appears, and only grow nine millions! Now that, of course, won't do. Seventeen million quarters short is very serious. HARRIS struggling out of deficit, about to show Committee where they were when Chairman interposed. Said "all this had nothing to do with the question," and before HARRIS quite knew where he was, BRASKEY was at the table, humming and hawing in his ridiculous fashion over an inadequate Navy. Never saw a man so honestly astonished as the hapless HARRIS. Sat with voluminous notes clutched in his right hand, mouth slightly parted, eyes distinctly starting in his head, slowly gazing round House. Look arrested, when it fell in that direction, by finding BRASKEY on his legs at the Table, plainly wondering how it was that Secretary to the Admiralty was addressing Committee whilst he (HARRIS) was sitting down silent. Why, he'd only just opened his speech, and hadn't yet accounted for that seventeen million quarters of wheat!

Business done.—HARRIS left sitting.

Tuesday.—House crowded in every part. GLADSTONE to move Vote of Credit, perhaps to give some fateful news from far-off

Afghanistan. In absence of ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, STAFFORD NORTH-COTE assumed the function of Leader of Opposition, and put questions to PREMIER. Nothing particular said in reply.



A NEW RÔLE FOR HER.

"Mr. Bull, Sare, I teach you. I am for the Liberty of the Press!"

As soon as Questions were over, PREMIER berved walking out of House at rate of four miles an hour.

"Ha, ha!" cried WOLFF, rubbing his knees. "I thought when critical moment arrived it would come to this. You see, RANDOLPH, he's positively running away. Can't face prospect of taking Vote of Credit for War. Has given up everything to Russia on the frontier, humiliated England, gone down on his knees to the Czar begging him to be good enough to take whatever he wants, and now he's positively running away from the House of Commons!"

"HENRY DRUMMOND," said RANDOLPH, sternly, "don't be an—WOLFF."

GLADSTONE reaching Bar faced about and stood for a moment with a paper in his hand. SPEAKER making believe to discover him there slightly started, and called out "Mr. GLADSTONE!" "A Vote of Credit," says GLADSTONE. "Pass friend with Vote of Credit," says SPEAKER. Captain GOSSET sheathed the drawn sword, the PRIME MINISTER marched back to the Treasury Bench, and proceeded to explain the Vote of Credit. Read his statement; listened to with grave attention by the House. No bluster, no bounce; a simple matter of practical business. Russia challenged England to a fight. Very well. Let's see how much it'll cost to begin with. Say six millions and half, which, with four and a half to close Soudan account, makes eleven.

"That's about the figure, I think," says GLADSTONE.

"Very well," says the House. "If you want any more, don't be afraid to say so."

The whole business over in twenty minutes, and House again in Committee on Seats Bill. Parnellites got up one or two little diversions, but OTWAY not to be played with; so, by Eleven o'Clock, Bill through Committee, and Christening Party dispersed.

Then JOSEPH GILLIS rises, and wants to discuss *Clôture* arrangements. To the impartial mind of this great man it appears that under existing Rules, SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees enjoy dangerously arbitrary authority. JOSEPH just beginning to wax eloquent and convincing, when *Clôture* suddenly descends upon him in form of Count Out. This was a little unexpected, the House being more habituated to see JOSEPH Count than to find him Counted. But he bore the indignity with his accustomed unruffled demeanour.

"It's me arguments that scares 'em," he said, as he tied up his papers and dropped them in the capacious recesses of his coat-tail-pockets. "But they'll have 'em yet. If I don't do it afore, I'll make the speech on the Appropriation Bill."

Business done.—Vote of Credit brought in.

Thursday.—House been in Committee all night on Civil Service Supply. Vote for disturnpiked roads in Scotland stoutly opposed by Parnellites. HIBBERT in charge of votes expressed mild surprise. Irish votes not included in business of the evening. Thought he was going to have nice quiet time. But just as he was walking along Scotch disturnpiked road admiring beauty of the scenery and steadiness of the rainfall, suddenly upon turning corner comes upon SEXTON, HEALY, and the rest, who say he shall go no farther to-night.

"Dear me," says HIBBERT, nervously—"so pleased to meet you

here. Rather a surprise. Thought you were waiting elsewhere for CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. But so delighted to meet you. May I ask what you want?"

Certainly he might, and through five long hours they told him. Fact is, Ireland does not get subvention for roads, therefore Scotland shall not have it. This put with great clearness and firmness, JOSEPH GILLIS contributing not less than six orations to clearing up any doubts that might remain in HIBBERT's mind. Division at last, and Vote agreed to.

Then we stumble upon a perfectly delicious disclosure. It appears there's a water-way in Ireland called the Ulster Canal; made at enormous cost; maintained at heavy annual charge. When nicely finished, discovered to be practically useless; didn't go anywhere particular; during last five years has earned about £1 a week, whilst £1,100 a year being spent upon keeping it up.

"What can we do?" piped HIBBERT in mournful treble. "You say, 'Sell the Canal,' but nobody'll buy it. We might give it away, but who'll take it?"

Then came a voice, sharp and clear, across the floor of the House. "I'll take it," said JOSEPH GILLIS. And the Secretary to the Treasury sat down, utterly flabbergasted.

"It was done in a moment of impulse, TOBY," JOE

B. told me afterwards. "Of course it'll be a nuisance to me. What can a man do with a Canal? He can't carry it about with him; he can't fold it up, and put it away in the attic till it's wanted. But the fact is, I'm not so hard-hearted as I'm painted. This 'ere

Government's in a bad way; everything goin' agin' 'em. This Ulster Canal seems like to be the last thing that'll break 'em. Besides, HIBBERT's such a good fellow; it was pitiful to see him looking round the House, and asking who'd take the Canal. So, on the spur of the moment, I said I would. And I'll be as good as my word. I know there's not much of a market for second-hand Canals. But I'll stand the racket."

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS takes the Ulster Canal.

Friday.—A lively night to finish up week withal. First news that the French Chargé d'Affaires left Cairo. GLADSTONE says knows nothing of it. Short while after gets up and says he knows a great deal. Telegram received from Sir EVELYN BARING "French Chargé d'Affaires has left." Comes in hot haste another messenger; turns out he brings conclusion of message. What Chargé d'Affaires has "left" is not Cairo, but "some papers."

"Half a telegram may be better than no information, but it sometimes leads to misapprehension," says the bewildered BOUKEK.

Finally Conservatives and Parnellites form sudden alliance and defeat Government on Irish Registration Bill. Things going more than ever "contrary."

THE LAW OF "LOAFING."

A GRADUATE of Trinity, Cambridge, described as a teacher of mathematics, was lately pulled up at Wandsworth for begging. The sole evidence for this charge was that of a Constable, who said that, in consequence of information which he received at the Putney Police-Station, "he went out, and heard the prisoner ask for bread." That was all. Defence—downright destitution and starvation. The "prisoner" said "he was literally starving and fainting with hunger." Further, in reply to the remark from the Bench that, as he was an educated man, he must know that begging was not allowed, Prisoner pleaded that "in asking for a piece of bread he was not aware that he was begging." But begging he was; for although the sitting Magistrate (who dispensed as leniently as he could the law he was of course bound to administer) forbore to send him to prison, and "allowed him to be discharged," he let him off, however, "with a caution." But does the Vagrant Act or any other Statute really declare asking for bread to be a punishable act of mendicancy? This perhaps is a point which might be referred to Counsel's opinion. But even if entreaty for a morsel of bread be really illegal, it may still be suggested that in the matter of mendicancy what the Law says is not all Gospel.



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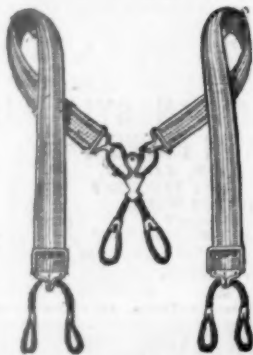
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Manufactured by JOHN GOSNELL & CO., LONDON.

Schweppe's

These Waters continue to be supplied to the QUEEN.

CAUTION.—The genuine are protected by Labels bearing "Fountain" Trade Mark, and all Corks branded "J. SCHWEPPE & Co."

Table Waters.

GOLD MEDAL.

SODA WATER. LEMONADE. POTASS and LITHIA WATER. GINGER ALE, DRY and SWEET. MALVERN SELTZER WATER.